

Arlington



PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNING, BY JOHN L. PARKER.

Advocate.

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Vol. 3.

ARLINGTON, MASS

Poetry.

APPRECIATION.

How every soul on earth is pleased with praise!
How glows the heart, when we good deeds have
done.

And some old friend upon his neighbor says,
"His father should be proud of such a son."

Perhaps in quiet way we sought to find
The hidden sorrow of some patient friend,—
Perhaps to heal the wound we have designed
A sweet and tender sympathy to lend.

What joy, then, comes to us when he looks up,
And placing both his trembling hands in ours,
Gives us the right to share with him the cup,
And shows his thanks in tearful, healing showers.

We pass along life's road—we find it rough;
So, stooping, we pick up a little child.
We save him from its cares. It is enough
At first to keep him safe and undefined.

But when to manhood's years he doth arrive,
And to life's battle turns with flag unfurled,
What bliss to hear "Dear Guardian, I will strive
To do thy goodness honor in the world."

We give the world a book, a work of art,
A song, a poem, any beauteous thing—
What wonder that we laugh and smile at heart
To hear in praise the crusty critic sing?

Appreciation causes nobler deeds;
Praise leads to broader life and greater soul;
For some new work the past on still succeeds,
And renders life a sweet, attractive whole,

Then show your interest, even in little things.
And to all deeds, attribute motives true;
Not only mutual pleasure from it springs,
But for reward, God will appreciate you.

Selected.

HETTY'S DOUGHNUTS.

The long rays of the afternoon sun slipped in at Mrs. Baxter's open door, danced gaily over the spotless floor of the ample kitchen, darted in and out for a moment or two among the highly polished tins which stood in orderly rows on the dresser, and then suddenly plunged into Hetty's heavy braids, and nestled there, as if they had at last found what they were seeking, and had no wish to wander more. They could not well have found a fairer resting place than those same rich braids, red in the shadow, and gold in the sun, unless they had chosen the long soft lashes, or the roguish dimple, or the soft, pink cheeks, or the rosy lips. But no! the lips would have constituted but an uneasy resting place, for they were in tolerably constant motion. Not that any one who heard Hetty Morris speak would have wished her to be silent; still, silent she seldom was—at least in her waking hours.

At the moment when the sunbeams first pointed her out to us, as she stood at the great table rolling out dough, her sleeves fastened up, and her round white arms here and there dabbled with flour, scarcely whiter, she was softly talking to herself.

"Dear me! I shall never get these miserable doughnuts done by tea time," she was saying, as she cut off a strip of dough and gave it an airy twist; "and that horrid fat gets hotter and hotter every minute. The last two kettlefuls are utterly ruined."

"If that is 'utter ruin,'" remarked a masculine voice, "I am willing to take it off your hands. Pass me the pan, Miss Hetty." And the vines trailing over the east window were gently moved aside, and a dark, curly head, adorned with two or three shavings, proceeded to insert itself into the open window, as if a portrait had suddenly pushed its way into a frame.

Hetty tossed her head. "No, I thank you, Mr. Kennedy," said she, with another twist of the light dough. "Uncle Baxter knows a doughnut how many there should be in a batch; and if there were one missing, I should suffer for it."

"Oh, nonsense!" said her companion. "He is not so bad as that. Tell the truth, Hetty, and it is you who grudge me the poor satisfaction of a solitary cake. Never mind. There's a good time coming soon, when they will be every day affairs with me."

"What do you mean?" asked Hetty, pausing with her fork in her hand.

"What should I mean, except that I am thinking of getting married?" replied the young man in the window, brushing off a shaving as he spoke.

"Oh,—I hadn't heard," observed his companion, returning with supreme indifference to her rolling pin.

"Haven't you?" I am surprised at that," was the reply, "for it has been all over town for the last fortnight."

"I wish that you were not so fond of those silly jokes, Frank," said Hetty, decidedly.

"I will agree to abandon the habit from this time forth forever," he replied, looking very handsome and penitent; "that is, if you will give me a certain slight token that I am forgiven."

Hetty drew nearer to the window.

"What shall it be?" she asked, with a deepening blush and a very encouraging smile.

"If you love me, my dear, bestow on me that crispy doughnut which adorns the top of yonder pile," he responded, theatrically, striking an attitude as he spoke.

Hetty's heels clicked expressively as she walked to the pantry door, her head high in the air.

"Help yourself," she said briefly.

"Thanks!" responded Frank, reaching a long arm in at the window and over to the big table. "It is more convenient than I thought. I could easily away the whole panful."

No reply.

"Hetty, are you vexed?"

A dead silence.

"Come here, little girl, and give me a better token of forgiveness."

"Help yourself," was the demure response.

With an agile spring Frank perched upon the window sill, when from the upper regions a voice, clear and sharp made itself heard in the succinct inquiry,

"Cakes done, Hetty?"

"Yes, aunt. Do you want me?" asked the girl, darting to the door.

"Come up," was the rejoinder; and Miss Hetty, looking triumphantly back as she attained a secure position in the doorway, had the satisfaction, dear to a mischievous heart, of beholding a discomfited countenance disappear from the window, as Mr. Frank Kennedy dropped down on the outside. The vines rustled for an instant, and then were still. Hetty closed the door, and the sunbeams and the huge pan of doughnuts had the big kitchen all to themselves.

Mrs. Baxter sat examining a chestful of woolen clothes, in the cool solitude of the north chamber.

"Those pesky moths have got in here, after all," she remarked, as her niece entered the room. "Look at that garment, now," and she exposed to view an ancient garment completely riddled with holes. "You just sit down here, Henrietta, and sort out all the stockings into that basket by themselves. You'll have just about time before you set the supper table."

Hetty sat down as directed, and was soon deep in a musty heap of stockings and flannels.

"There's Will Lowry going by," said her aunt, pausing a moment in her occupation and glancing out of the open casement. "I must ask him about Aunt Eliza. Good evening, William," she called, leaning over the sill, and addressing a good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who was passing the gate.

"How's all the folks, particularly your Aunt Eliza?"

"All the folks are well except Aunt Eliza, and she's better," replied the young man, pausing in his walk and leaning on the gate as if quite willing to prolong the interview. "Aunt Martha is going to have a sewing society up there tomorrow."

"They'll eat her out of house and home," rejoined the old lady, rather grimly. "That retains me, William, I promised to send your aunt some of my yeast cakes, and if you don't mind a bundle, you might take them along with you. They are on the kitchen table. If you'll just step round to the back door, you'll find them quite handy."

"I'll just run down and get them for him," proposed Hetty, anxious to escape from the wool chest, and not at all averse to a little flirtation with Will Lowry.

"You just stick to the stockings, Miss Morris," answered her aunt, promptly. "Let him wait on himself."

Presently the last pair of stockings was laid away, and then her aunt said: "Now get the tea; and be quick about it too, Henrietta, for I see father's wagon driving round to the barn now."

Hetty flew down to the kitchen, hurriedly put the tea to draw, and neatly set out on the white cloth, snowy bread, golden butter and crimson jelly, all made by her own deft fingers. Then she ranged before her uncle's place a huge platter of cold boiled beef, a dish of cold potatoes and another of pork and greens. Then, standing at one side, she glanced critically over the generous board to see if all was complete. Something about the arrangement struck her as faulty; but at first she could not satisfy herself as to what it was. At last a light broke in on her mind.

"How near I came to forgetting the doughnuts! How uncle would have fretted to be sure. I am glad I thought before he came in."

So saying, she took a plate and went into the pantry. Not a doughnut was to be seen. She examined the cupboard under the milk shelf. There was the bread box, a jar of cookies, and two lusty loaves of gingerbread—but no doughnuts. She brought a wooden chair from the kitchen, and stood thereon to search the topmost shelf. There she beheld only pots of jam and preserves, together with some disused tins, all very much covered with dust,—but no doughnuts. Then she pulled out the big pie board from behind the flour barrel (the pie-board made by Frank at the age of ten years—his earliest essay in the carpentering line—and which warped past all using within the first month of its existence). No doughnuts—nothing but two or three cobwebs, against which she promptly registered a vow. As she was replacing the board a thought darted through her mind which caused the smiles to fade quickly away, and a frown of annoyance as quickly succeeded them.

"Frank! That is the reason he went home so early from his work, is it? How silly of him to play me such a trick. If he only knew how cross Uncle Baxter can be when he is vexed. What shall I do?" And poor Hetty began turning over in her mind all sorts of excuses for the non-appearance of her uncle's favorite delicacy, none of which would do in the least, and in the midst of which she heard his rough voice in the kitchen.

"Supper ready?"

"All ready," she answered faintly, from the depths of the pantry, and hastily cutting several thick slices of gingerbread, she hurried out and took her seat at the table.

"What time did Frank go?" inquired her uncle, of nobody in particular, at the same time heaping his plate with meat and vegetables.

JANUARY 31, 1874.

No. 5.

Hetty said nothing, and her aunt replied:

"Somewhere between five and six; I don't know exactly."

"Did he get through with that door before he went?" demanded the rough voice again.

"He did," replied Aunt Baxter, concisely.

Hetty breathed more freely.

"What that fellow does with his time is more than I know," growled Uncle Baxter. "It's lucky for him he's working by the job, or he'd hear a piece of my mind."

Farmer Baxter's "womankind," as he was wont courteously to term the ladies of his family, understood his ways, and usually passed over his ebullitions of temper in silence, knowing that he would doubtless eat himself into better humor in due course.

"I believe he spends half his time gossiping with the women," he continued, rightly surmising that the subject was distasteful to his wife and niece, and therefore doggedly pursuing it. "Has he been in here this afternoon, Henrietta?"

"No, sir," replied Hetty, boldly, though a recollection of Frank's parting attitude came over her guiltily, as she spoke.

"Well, see that he don't then, and you just tend to your work," was the surly rejoinder, and the old man subsided into a discussion of his dish of greens.

For a few minutes silence reigned about the table, Aunt Baxter, with the policy induced by long experience, and Hetty because her angry tears choked her utterance. Presently a subdued conversation commenced and was for some time carried on in an undertone between the aunt and niece. Suddenly came the awful question, which had all the time been hanging like a doom over poor Hetty's head.

"Where's the doughnuts?"

"They were just done, and quite hot," replied Hetty, flushing crimson. "The gingerbread is fresh, and I thought you would just as lief have it to-night."

"You know better," amiably returned Uncle Baxter. "Just you step quick and get some."

Hetty mechanically arose to obey, when her aunt quietly observed:

"It seems a pity to let the gingerbread dry; but I suppose Aunt Samanthy will be glad of it."

"Aunt Samanthy won't get it, then, that's all," rejoined her lord and master, quite unconscious that this was precisely the response she wished and expected. "Sit down, Henrietta, and another time don't cut gingerbread, when there's fresh doughnuts in the house."

So that danger was over, but in proportion as her fear of her uncle's displeasure passed away, her indignation against Frank Kennedy increased. She could not readily forgive him the scolding she had received or the more formidable one she had escaped.

"I think I'll run up to grandma's," said Aunt Baxter, the next day, as they left the dinner table, "if you can clear away the things alone."

"Oh I can do that easily enough," replied Hetty, with alacrity; for the poor child had been planning all the morning how she could get an opportunity to replace that dreadful missing dish.

"Very well," said her aunt; "and if you want something to do, you might sort the rest of those flannels."

"I want to gather my dress skirt," said Hetty, faintly, blushing as she did so at the deception.

"Well, I don't care, so you're not idle," and Aunt Baxter walked heavily and respectfully out of the gate adorned with her Sunday bonnet and best manilla.

No sooner did the gate click behind

her than Hetty felt to work with the greatest energy. Eggs were beaten, spice measured, sugar and shortening weighed and worked into the dough, which had been surreptitiously rising behind the kitchen door since morning. The fat was tested, and the strips of the soft yielding mass speedily reappeared in crisp, brown twists piled up in a large yellow dish, which dish was spitefully placed out of reach from the open window. The young lady did not sing over her work to-day, but frowned blackly instead, as she flew from table to stove. The frown deepened perceptibly when just as she was contemplating the last of the golden brown cakes, a well known voice from the window was heard exclaiming:

"Heaven defend us! What a capacity Uncle Baxter must have for doughnuts, if he has eaten all you made yesterday, and now demands more."

This was too much. Hetty felt the blood leaping through her veins.

"Mr. Kennedy," she said, icily, "it is possible to carry a joke too far. I am so busy this afternoon that I cannot stop to hear you 'talk nonsense.'" With which cutting quotation, she turned with much dignity to leave the room, and presently found herself wildly struggling with the door latch, which with the usual perversity of inanimate things, chose this auspicious moment for sticking fast.

"Won't you tell me what I've done?" pleaded the delinquent, seizing his opportunity.

"I don't care to discuss the point," replied Hetty, still fumbling with the obdurate door latch.

"How unfair you are!" he broke out, impatiently. "You accuse me of some mysterious offence, and then utterly refuse to allow me to defend myself."

"I don't accuse you of anything," said Hetty, shaking the door furiously. "I know that you consider joking at every time and on every subject perfectly allowable; but when I had told you fairly what uncle can be when he is vexed, I did think it very cruel and inconsiderate that you should set him on me just for a silly trick."

"I give you my word, Hetty, that I had no idea of your uncle's really grudging me those cakes, if that is what you mean, or even knowing anything about it." Hetty elevated her eyebrows. "Of course I know he is stingy and all that, but I had no idea you were in earnest when you said he would visit it on your head. My taking them at all was only a bit of fun."

"And a very stupid bit of fun," interpolated Hetty. But just here the door yielded to a particularly vicious twitch, and Hetty rushed up stairs.

The tea things were hurriedly washed up and put away that evening, and Mrs. Baxter set forth sedately through the village street, for it was conference meeting night. Who does not know that meeting well, with its swinging kerosene lamp, whose light seems always in your eyes, whichever way they turn, until you close them for relief; the solemn countenance of the good deacon who "leads;" the doubtful hymn; the awful pauses; the sense of personal gratitude to some long-winded, prosy brother, who rises and "fills up the time," after a deathly pause of unusual duration; and the blessed period which closes the service and removes the restraint that for two hours has bound the senses of all present. The closing prayer is offered, and the words spoken which dismiss the worshippers, who stream out into the narrow aisles, the older ones gravely exchanging bits of local gossip, the younger, to whom this is the moment of culminating interest, wishing, fearing and hoping. The girls cast blushing glances toward the phalanx of tall youths on either side of

Continued on fourth page.

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PUBLISHED SATURDAYS.

JOHN L. PARKER,
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ARLINGTON, JAN. 31, 1874

NOTE—We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

BITE.—Mr. Charles White, employed at Upham Bros. market, received a bite on the hand from a horse on Wednesday.

First Congregational church.—Rev. G. W. Cutter will preach at 10:30 A. M. Subject,—"The Jews." All are cordially invited.

POSTPONED.—On account of deaths in the families of some of the members, the dance of the Wm. Penn's which was to have taken place on Tuesday evening, last, was postponed one week.

PUGILISTIC.—Last Saturday evening, James Furberson and Henry Burns had a prize fight of eight or ten rounds, and they tried it again last Tuesday evening. Where were the police?

BALL.—Highland Hose Co. No 2 had a very successful ball, Thursday evening in the Town Hall. About 125 couples were present, including of course, large delegations of firemen from out of town. The festivities closed at a late hour Friday morning.

JURORS.—At a meeting of the Selectmen on the 24th inst, Andrew Wellington and Jesse Bacon were drawn to serve as Jurors at the February term of the Superior Court to be held at Cambridge. Capt. William T. Dupee was drawn to serve as Grand Juror.

CONUNDRUM.—A "professional" of this town propounds the following:—"Supposing the distance from Boston to Providence to be 40 miles, how many young misses would it take to clasp hands and reach that distance?"

Answer next week.

A SUITABLE REBUKE.—*Mr. Editor:*—The tone of *F.*, in your last number, criticizing the conduct of the thoughtless part of the community, towards a respectable and orderly citizen, upon his recent marriage, was healthy. The original article was brutal. We hope the next one that comes along will be served with contempt.

HIGH STREET.

Wednesday forenoon, a Mr. White of Arlington Heights, stopped at Dodge's Drug store to make a purchase. While he was in the store, his horse concluded to go home, and started in that direction. He was stopped after having gone some distance up the avenue, and without doing any damage.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.—On Friday evening, Jan. 23rd, about 50 of the friends of Warren Rawson, Jr., assembled at his father's residence on Charles-town street. The usual games incident to such an occasion were indulged in, and a bountiful collation was partaken of. The company separated at a reasonable hour, and are now waiting for the next birthday.

FIRE MATTERS.—Some time ago, one of our engineers took a few of the "new" members who had just joined the department, out for a drill, so that in case of a fire they would better know their duty. After getting permission of one of our citizens to play on an imaginary fire on his roof, he commenced telling them the different orders he should give and showing them how they were to be executed, among them being the order, "Follow me with the stream." When the different movements had been gone through with, he gave the above order, when to his astonishment he received the full force of the stream in the back of his neck, causing him to immediately lay down, no doubt to try and see how thick the ice was upon which he was standing. The weather being extremely cold, made the application somewhat unpleasant to him as well as to the roof of the neighbor's house, as the water froze where it struck.

BRILLIANT WEDDING.—On Thurs-

day evening, Jan. 22nd, a party of upwards of 150 relatives and friends assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Lawrence on Medford street to celebrate the marriage of their daughter, Mary A. Lawrence to Mr. Franklin M. Upham, of the firm of Upham Bros. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Geo. W. Cutter, after which a pleasant and sociable evening was passed. The floral decorations from Mr. James Bean of Medford were tastefully arranged and much admired. A bountiful collation was partaken of, which was furnished by Copeland of Boston in his usual elegant style, and dispensed by waiters from his establishment. The happy pair were the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents and we wish them a long and happy life to enjoy them.

DROWNED.—Last Friday afternoon, Herbert W. Cotting, of this town, went fishing on the Upper Mystic in Winchester. The ice was thin and rotten, and in crossing near the Everett Mansion he broke through. Some small boys witnessed the accident and gave the alarm, but he was not seen again until his body was recovered. He was heavily dressed, wearing long rubber boots, and an army overcoat with a cape. It is thought that when he went down the cape was drawn up towards the surface, and when he rose he came up under it, and was suffocated in its folds and soon drowned. A party of his friends on hearing of the accident at once repaired to the pond, and procuring a boat and rakes, proceeded to search for the body. He was soon discovered where he fell through, standing erect in seven feet of water, and the end of the cape floating very near the surface. He was immediately taken out, but life was extinct, the body having been in the water over two hours. It was taken in charge by Undertaker Hartwell, and carried to the residence of his father, Mr. Albert W. Cotting near Fowle's Mill. Herbert was twenty years of age on the 5th inst. He was a genial young man, and will be missed by a large circle of acquaintances.

His funeral took place on Monday at the Orthodox church. A detail from Co. F. 5th M. V. M., "Lawrence Rifles," of Medford, of which he was a member were present in uniform, and L. J. Bailey, Charles Lands, Webster Kimball, James Huffmaster, James Tripp, Frederic Burns, and two from Medford, acted as pall bearers.

JOB PRINTING.—Last Friday afternoon by the help of Mr. J. M. Chase and his accomplished son Al, and with the advice and consent of several other friendly neighbors, we placed a new Globe Printing Press in our new office, opposite the depot. We shall soon be able to show our friends how printing is done right here in Arlington. We have rented a room over Dodge's Drug Store, and placed in it a good selection of type and printing material, and expect on Monday next to print our first job in Arlington. A large amount of work goes to Boston simply because it is more convenient, but now that we have opened an office just across the street from the depot, we confidently hope that our friends will give us a call before going elsewhere. If business increases we shall enlarge our facilities, and promise to give our patrons everything they could expect of a country printing office.

OPERETTA.—The performance of the beautiful operetta "Genevieve," on Wednesday evening last, under the direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss, was the occasion of filling the Town Hall to overflowing. The audience seemed much pleased as well they might be, for a better musical entertainment has not been given in our town for a long time. The part of "Genevieve" was taken by Miss Nellie M. Fessenden, and that of "Isadore" by Miss Annie Lawrence, both of whom sung and acted admirably. The other parts and the choruses were equally effective, and the conductor had them under perfect control, for they seemed to understand every motion of his baton as well as if it spoke to them. A pleasant feature of the entertainment was the fine singing of the "Arlington Quartette," consisting of Messrs. Knowles, Hobbs, Pool and Grizzier, which will compare favorably with any quartette in Boston. Mr. Knowles, the first tenor, is well known to our citizens by his connection with the choir of the Unitarian church, and his clear, ringing voice was ably

supported by the other parts. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. W. E. Wood, in his usual effective and pleasing manner. Mr. Prentiss has taken great pains in drilling the children, and we hope the receipts of the evening will in some degree remunerate him for the time and labor he has devoted to them.

Belmont.

The funeral of the late Charles G. Winn took place from his residence in Belmont, on Wednesday. Mr. Winn was one of the original occupants of Faneuil Hall market, and kept a stall there until recently, a stroke of paralysis causing him to give up the business. He was much respected by all who were acquainted with him, and his funeral was attended by a large number of his old associates in the market.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.—Whenever you take up the autobiography of a man's life, you read the very beginning of that man's career in his boy life; how pleasantly he described the days he spent beneath the old elm trees that overshadowed the little brown cottage. How minutely he describes the life and character of his parents, his father in his stalwart manliness as he sits in the old arm chair; his mother, a staid and contented matron, within whose brown locks, silver threads are beginning to intermingle. The pleasant smile, the sweet voice, how well they are remembered. Here the very emotions are enumerated, and the daily impressions of his youth, the little scraps of wisdom, the golden words, that fell from their lips, which go to form his after character, are all told in the few, short pages of a story or autobiography. These little sayings, these little isolated facts, were the very moving springs of his future life and usefulness. Now how many of the teachers of our public schools pursue the course of training in the public schools that are indoctrinated in so many homes? I admit that as our schools are now governed it is not expected or even thought that the teachers should give scarcely a single thought to anything but what the usual routine of daily study required. We have been informed by teachers that "the duty of the teacher did not extend any farther than to the usual duties of a stated number of hours during the week, that with their scholars out of doors they had nothing to do." In conversation with several teachers, who as teachers held a high place in the estimation of the people, they admitted the fact that "while certain rules governed the acts of the teachers during school hours, there was no provision made or even recommendations given for moral culture in or out of schools." These teachers also stated that in their opinion "the manner of conducting our public schools under the suggestions of the large school committees, often failed in bringing about as desirable results as were anticipated." They thought that a "general moral, and to some little extent personal observation and care over their charge both during the hours of study and out of study was as necessary as the lessons taught." One gentleman, who was called a pattern teacher of youth, and once was a superintendent of the public schools of Boston, stated to me, "That whatever exerts a chastening, connecting influence especially upon the youthful mind, that inculcates manly aspirations, and prevents dissipations of various kinds should be considered, as they most certainly are great aids to the efforts of the public school teachers in the formation of the character of those committed to their charge." This gentleman occupied a position that gave him an opportunity to judge whereof he spoke, and he thought much of the lack of the high standard of our public schools were owing to that sort of separate government of the committees, and the teachers. Although admittedly striving as they thought for the best interests of the schools under their charge, they did not exercise that supervision over them that they imagined they did. We would by no means even in thought, impugn the motives of any school committees of any of the towns of Massachusetts; we think they do strive to do their duty as far as possible to the various schools under their charge, but how can they do so as thoroughly as they would could they devote more time to the work before them? As this subject in all its bearings will make the subject matter of another paper, we leave it for the present, only remarking that just here seems to be the place where the "change should come in." That some changes are necessary in the manner and matters of our public schools, some examination needed, almost every one admits. One thing is

very certain, we have frequent and daily complaints of dissatisfaction in regard to many things, "done or undone," in our public schools, many of which we are sorry to write are considered by those having the power to remedy the defects, if defects they be, of no consequence, as they who make these complaints do not keep the schools, or "go to the committee if your boy behaves badly out of school, go to the committee, they are the parties to remedy this matter, the teacher has nothing to do with the boys out of school hours." "Suppose your boys do throw snow balls at horses, and cause them to smash the vehicles all to pieces, go to the committee." To be continued in our next. AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

Lexington.

JOB PRINTING.—In addition to our printing office at Woburn, we have opened a Branch Job Printing Office in Arlington. The office is just across the street from the depot, over Dodge's Drug store. Our Lexington friends who may want a job in a hurry, can leave their orders in our box at the depot, or call and see us at the office, and their wishes shall be met with all due promptness. Give us a call before going to Boston with your work.

LECTURE.—Rev. Henry Westcott will lecture in the Unitarian church, Sunday evening, Feb. 1, at 7 o'clock, on the Emperor Julian, known as "The Apostle."

MISSIONARY MEETING.—An interesting meeting of a missionary character was held in Hancock Church on Sunday evening in which both the pastor and the children took part. Subject, Japan. The pastor gave an account from letters and other writings of a Japanese youth of his acquaintance, now at Andover seminary, who, actuated by a desire for knowledge of foreign countries, and love of the Bible, escaped from Japan about nine years ago, and came to this country, passed through Phillips' Academy and Amherst college with honor, and is now in the last year of his theological course. The Japanese embassy, finding his services of incalculable value, attached him to their suite, and he accompanied them in their tour over this country and Europe. Though offered high positions in the Japanese Empire, he preferred to return here and finish his course of study for the ministry of the first native Christian church in Japan. Before he leaves this country for that post, there is a prospect of his preaching his first sermon in this pulpit. This event many in Lexington and elsewhere will await with expectation.

FUNERAL OF DR. O'CONNELL.—The last sad rites of respect were paid Sunday to the late Dr. P. O'Connell, formerly surgeon of the Ninth Regiment, who died a few weeks ago at Santa Barbara, Cal., whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his shattered health. Funeral services were held at the place of his decease, and nothing remained Sunday, but to convey the remains to their last resting place. It was the desire of the comrades of Dr. O'Connell to have an extensive military display; but as the family of the deceased preferred that the funeral should be as simple as possible, their request was complied with, and no strains of martial music, nor even the sound of a drum were heard. A special train left the Lowell depot at half past ten o'clock for East Lexington, having on board a detachment of ten men from Company A, Ninth Regiment, under command of Sergeant McDonough, who took charge of the remains, and the pall bearers, consisting of Col. B. F. Finan of the Ninth Regiment, Major R. A. Hutchins, formerly of the Ninth Army Corps, Capt. D. J. McNamara of Post 15, G. A. R., Major Michael Scanlan, of the Ninth Regiment, Col. J. McArchie of the 28th Regiment, Col. P. T. Hanley of the 9th Regiment, Gen. P. R. Guiney, Col. J. W. Coveny of the 28th Regiment, and Dr. J. G. Blake.

In an informal manner the remains were received at the residence of the father of the deceased in East Lexington, and the train with the family and immediate relatives of Dr. O'Connell, reached Boston about noon. On the arrival of the train, the 9th Regiment, 250 men, commanded by Col. Strachan, and Post 15, G. A. R., about 50 men, under Commander W. R. Frost, were drawn up in line on the broad platform inside the car shed, and as the casket was borne past the line, a military salute was paid. The family and friends of Dr. O'Connell entered carriages which were in waiting, under the east arch of the depot, and without delay, the funeral cortège proceeded to the Dorchester cemetery, the military escort marching left in front. The officers wore their swords, but the men appeared only with side arms. The escort marched as far as Warren street, where they opened ranks and the carriages passed through on their way to

the cemetery, where the remains were buried in the family lot. Thousands of people assembled at the depot to witness the departure of the procession, and a squad of police under Sergeant Eastman, were on duty to keep the crowd back.—Journal.

DRAMATIC.—A large audience greeted the attempt of the young people to produce, on Thursday night, the play announced, "Among the Breakers." The cast was well made, and the individual parts were rendered so well that it would be invidious to particularize. The play is one of considerable interest, and, like most of Baker's plays, contains plot enough for a five-act piece. The company did well, and we are glad they are to repeat it. Remember next Thursday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

The singing by the U. B. S. quartette was excellent, and the soloist, Miss Fannie A. Hutchinson, is deserving of especial praise.

New Publications.

The February number of "Wood's Household Magazine," is really a marvel of what can be furnished for only one dollar a year; considering the cost and quality, this is the cheapest magazine which comes to our table. Its articles have a chasteness about them not always found in periodical literature, which adapts it to fill a place now so largely occupied by cheap publications, that are positively injurious to the young, without being exactly immoral. We have no room to specify the articles which fill the pages before us; but they are many and excellent. The magazine contains three engravings—a pretty house design—also the New York Fashions (illustrated) expressly prepared for the "Household," by Mme. Demorest. The publisher announces that hereafter the magazine will always be illustrated. Subscriptions may begin with any number. Only \$1.00 a year, or with Chromo Yosemite, \$1.50. Address Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

The school committee on Tuesday evening, by the close vote of forty-five to forty-two (twenty-eight members being absent), assumed to declare vacant the seats of three of its members, who in point of fact, have precisely the same right to sit in the committee as the rest of the members, namely, election by constituents possessing the right to elect them, and who have precisely the same evidence of their right to sit as the rest, namely, the usual certificate of election. If it should happen that three persons whose names begin with the letter Q should have been chosen members of the school committee, and the members whose names begin with other letters should have adopted the whimsical idea that people whose names begin with Q were ineligible, the latter might be out voted by sheer force of numbers. If women had been elected in more than half the wards instead of in three only it would have been an odd use of their power to see them voting to vacate the seats of the men. It is to be regretted that so conspicuous a precedent has been furnished for such a course, should the opportunity ever occur for its exercise.

The vote of Tuesday evening, although no doubt a well meant proceeding on the part of some of its supporters, was a mistake. Indeed, every step in this matter has been a mistake except the election of the ladies; happily, that step is the most important of all, and in the end must necessarily control all the rest. In the troublesome times which settled freedom of election in Great Britain, as often as the house of commons unseated Wilkes, the people of Middlesex returned him, and there is no doubt the constituents which have returned Miss Crocker, Miss May and Miss Peabody to the school committee will adhere to their choice as often as occasion may require. We are not prepared to say that these ladies need apply to any other tribunal for any other writ to admit them to the seats to which they have been chosen. Perhaps they had better let the school committee proceed in the course of which the first step was taken on Tuesday, order a new election in the three wards, and let the public see whose patience will be first exhausted—that of the people whose function it is to choose, or that of the school committee, whose duty it is to admit to their board all persons who, possessing the due qualifications, are duly chosen.—Boston Advertiser.

Special Notices.

A GARDEN.

The undersigned take this method of expressing their thanks to H. A. Turner, Foreman of Hancock 2, for an elegant present of two fire hats. The act was performed in the donor's well modest manner, and was a complete surprise to us. It is an expression of the friendly relation existing between our Foreman and every member of the company.

F. H. KNEELAND, 1st Ass't.

J. T. ADAIR, 2nd Ass't.

Married

In Arlington, Jan. 22, by Rev. George W. Cutler, Mr. Franklin M. Upham and Miss Mary A. Lawrence, both of Arlington.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 25, Jeremiah Sweeney, aged 83 years.

In Arlington, Jan. 27, Anna, daughter of Brenton and Sarah Hood, aged 1 year, 2 months and 27 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 28, Harry E., son of William P. and Melissa A. Teel, aged 1 year, 11 months, 16 days.

In Belmont, Jan. 25, Charles G. Wynn, aged 68 years 11 months.

In Arlington, Jan. 23, Herbert W. Cotton, aged 20 years, 18 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 23, Alfred P., son of S. B. and Cynthia Moore, aged 3 months, 21 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 23, John, son of George and Louise Hesse, aged 9 days.

In Arlington, Jan. 25, John, son of Martin and Julia Driscoll, aged 5 years 7 months.

Special Notices.

Lexington Savings Bank.

Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. BANK HOURS from 2 P. M. to 8 P. M. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

WILLIAM D. PHELPS, Treas'r Lexington, April 24th, 1872.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.
Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six per cent. per annum, made up and added to the principal, on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and evening.

ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treas.
ALBERT WINN, President.
December 20 1873.

Dress Making

— AND —

Lace Working.

Mrs. RENWICK is now prepared to do Fashionable Dress Making in all its branches, at her residence on Bacon street, Arlington. Cutting and fitting done, and satisfaction guaranteed. All the Fashionable Dress Patterns constantly on hand. Mrs. R. being an experienced Lace Worker, would solicit orders for anything in that line.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) A Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price \$1 per bottle. Also.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,
which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Serulious Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS," I challenge the 19th Century to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price \$1 per bottle.

Sold by S. T. PEARSON, cor. Arlington Ave. and Medford St., sole agent for Arlington, Mass.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,

161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Sole agent for Parker's Coltafoot Cough Preparation.

JOSEPH W. RONCO,

FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's hair. a

DANCING SCHOOL.

MRS. C. N. ALLEN,

Of Boston, will open a Select Class for instruction in DANCING DEPARTMENT and CALISTHENICS, for Young Ladies, Gentleman, and Children of all ages, in

ARLINGTON, THURSDAY AFTERNOON

JANUARY 29th, 1874, at 4.30.

Circulars, with full particulars, obtainable at Mr. Pearson's Drug Store, on the 29th.

LOUIS TATRO,

Fashionable Hair Dresser & Barber,

OVER E. P. RICH'S STORE,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

H. W. HILL,

Manufacturer of

Boots and Shoes.

Women's and Men's Boots and Shoes for sale.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY;

ARLINGTON AVENUE, Corner Buckman Court

PRINTING OFFICE In ARLINGTON

DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS



OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR AND TREASURER,
Arlington, June 8th, 1874.

A demand is hereby made for an immediate settlement of all unpaid taxes, with interest from Nov. 1. Unless this demand is complied with, steps will be immediately taken for the collection of the same.

JOHN F. ALLEN,
Treasurer and Collector.

L. D. BRADLEY, GROCER,

Charlestown St., Next door to Arlington House.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

COMPRESSED YEAST.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,

Dealers in

Choice Family Groceries,

FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ENGLISH SAUCES, PICKLES, SARDINES, OLIVE OIL, CHOICE HAXALL FLOUR, SELECT VERMONT BUTTER.

Sole Agents for

Bastine's French Yeast.

A first class article.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

M. D. MANN'S

Arlington & Boston Express.

OFFICES—Corner Charlestown and Main streets Arlington. No. 2 Washington Street, and No. 36 Court Square, Boston.

Goods and Packages, Furniture and Merchandise of all kinds, carefully handled and moved.

Goods of all kinds forwarded by any other Express line to all parts of the country. Orders solicited.

MESSRS. CUTLER BROS. & CO.

In ordering another small lot of your invaluable Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam

I should like to tell you what I know about it, in order that others may have the benefit of my EXPERIENCE.

Since this Balsam first came to my notice in 1848 I have kept it constantly in the house, never allowing myself to be out of it over night. In all these TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

it has not failed in a single instance in my own case to give the desired relief; and I will say the same in regard to my mother, whose

LIFE WAS SAVED

by it, as I cannot but think. Hers was a case of Congestion of the Lungs, and although attended by a most skillful physician, she seemed to fall constantly, so that we despaired of her recovery, when an old friend and neighbor persuaded her to try this Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. The result was most gratifying, I assure you.

RELIEF WAS IMMEDIATE, and recovery rapid. She is now over 82 years old, and is active and well. Whenever she gets a severe cold, which happens once in while, she takes thirty to sixty drops, according to the violence of the cough, which has always yielded in a day or two by taking the Balsam only on retiring at night. With it the

IRRITATION

is at once subdued, and a good night's sleep secured.

I will mention another case, that of a young lady acquaintance, who

BLEED AT THE LUNGS

and coughed frightfully, had night sweats and was fearfully reduced. She left Boston for her country home, 150 miles away, as we supposed to die. I sent her a bottle of your Balsam, and soon had the satisfaction to hear that she was much better. She continued taking it for a while and got

ENTIRELY WELL

and is living now, which fact is to be ascribed mainly to the use of the

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

Very truly yours, JOHN CAPEN, Boston, March 15, 1873. 5 Worcester Square,

Price in large bottles, which are much the cheapest, \$1. Small bottles, old style, 50 cents.

As there are many worthless imitations, be careful to get the genuine, which is prepared only by CUTLER BROS. & CO., successors to Reed, Cutler & Co., Wholesale Druggists; proprietors of the Prize Gold Medal Cooking Extracts, Pure Spices, Mustard, and other choice goods for family use; also Cutler's Extract of JAMAICA GINGER with Sweet Flag, pronounced the finest preparation of its kind; and "OCEAN FOOD,"

One Quart for One Cent!

Shredded Carrageen for Blane Mange, Gruel, &c., one of the cheapest and most delicious articles of food in the world. A few cents worth will make a dinner dessert for a family, and for invalids and children it is unrivaled. Put up in packages sufficient to make 16 quarts, for only 15 cents.

Sold by grocers and apothecaries.

EAT TO LIVE!

Write to A. S. & W. G. LEWIS & CO., 56 Long Wharf, Boston, agents for F. E. SMITH & CO. CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, for their

PAMPHLET ON FOODS,

with important Extracts from Seibig & Johnston, and other Scientists. Sent Free. Read it and save your HEALTH and MONEY.

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the door, and the youths, having already made a selection, only await opportunity. Happy those whom no disappointment awaits; for, alas! there must be some "previous engagements." Then comes the delicious saunter homeward through the soft summer evening, the elders having considerably gone on before; the lingering at the gate while the trees softly whisper overhead, and the good night reluctantly murmured beneath the stars. Alas, that youth comes but once, and will not return after disappointments have taught us to value aright its sweet dream life.

Hetty walked demurely out of meeting that night at her aunt's side, conscious, though they had not exchanged a glance, that Frank Kennedy was awaiting her. A little lonely sense of separation from him came over her, but it did not soften her resentment. It had become a regular thing for Frank to walk home from meeting with her; she was vexed with herself when she thought how regular it was. As this thought passed through her mind, she became aware, though her eyes were cast down, that Frank was approaching her on one side, while Will Lowry was offering her his arm on the other. Fixing a cold look on the former—a look which cut him to the heart—she turned with one of her brightest smiles to the latter, and with a "Thank you, Mr. Lowry," she walked away with him, leaving Frank gazing after her with a look of pain and perplexity mingled. As for Hetty, though she talked and laughed in her gayest tones, and leaned on Will's arm and glanced up in his face in her usual coquettish manner her heart was heavy within her, nor did she feel happier, though she became much gayer, when, a few minutes later, Frank passed her with Selma Burton clinging to his arm confidingly.

"Is that an engaged couple, Miss Morris?" asked her companion as Selma's lisping tones died away in the distance.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Hetty with a light laugh; and then the conversation drifted into the usual talk of two young persons taking the longest way home under the trees on a balmy summer evening. They stood for some time by the gate, trying to distinguish various constellations in the sparkling heavens—so long, in fact, that Frank Kennedy, returning no doubt from similar astronomical researches with Selma, heard Hetty's clear laugh, and paused for a moment, half intending to join her. But his better judgment prevailed, and he walked away and disappeared in the darkness. Then Will and Hetty exchanged a good night over the low gate—several good nights, in fact—and then parted.

Everything had gone exactly as Miss Morris wished. She had crushed Frank to the earth with her scorn, and she had shown him that she was by no means dependent on his attentions. Certainly no one could ask for a more devoted suitor than Will Lowry. Everything he had said during the evening had shown her plainly that she had but to stretch out her hand and take him. And how manly and handsome he was. "I will take him too, if he offers himself," said Hetty to herself as she put out her light. Then she very consistently cried herself to sleep.

The next day passed like a dream to her. She performed her usual duties as if she were somebody else. Frank was still at work in the barn, having not quite finished his job; but he did not once look towards the house, as far as Hetty could see—much less come toward it; and she noticed that he had left the customary whistling over his work. Even Farmer Baxter could not complain of any neglect on that day. Just at six o'clock, while she was setting the table, feeling thoroughly wretched and forlorn, her heart gave a great bound. There he stood in the doorway. She had been feeling all the afternoon that if he came to her again, in spite of his offences, she could not resist him. She was too unhappy without him, and now he had come, as she had hardly dared hope he would do. She hastily summoned up all her pride, that her surrender might not be too sudden or absolute, and went forward with a trigid air quite contradicted by her rapidly beating heart.

"This is the key to the tool house, Hetty," he said, placing in her outstretched hand a cold door key, instead

of the fervent clasp she expected. "Tell your uncle I've got through. Good night," and he was gone before she could form a reply.

"This is the end of everything," said poor Hetty to herself. "Now if Will Lowry comes I will accept him."

Will Lowry did come in the evening, but she had no opportunity of carrying out her resolution, as his aunt came with him expressly to see aunt Baxter, and they all sat together in the sitting room, except uncle Baxter, who audibly slumbered on the kitchen lounge during the entire call, greatly to the mortification of his niece. What that young lady said and did during the evening she could not tell. She was living over and over that cold parting with Frank Kennedy, and feeling again the chill of that disappointing door key. As the visitors turned to go, Will remarked—

"Aunt Martha, you have nearly forgotten your errand."

"Sure enough!" returned Mrs. Lowry, producing from some mysterious quarter a huge milk pan. "We came especially to return your pan. The cakes were splendid. Did you make 'em, or did Hetty? For I want the receipt."

"I always make yeast cakes myself," replied Aunt Barker, looking bewildered. But where did the pan come from?"

"Will brought the doughnuts home in it. By the way, you promised me some of them yeast cakes."

Aunt Baxter still looked dazed, but Hetty, for the first time seeing a light dawn through the clouds that had for some days overshadowed her, burst into a peal of rather loud and hysterical laughter, which brought Uncle Baxter out of dream land into the front room, to ascertain the cause of such a startling sound.

"Was it you who took the doughnuts?" cried Hetty, as soon as she was able to speak. "And you thought they were yeast cakes!" And a renewed peal of laughter attested the poor child's revulsion of feeling.

"Mrs. Baxter said they were in plain sight on the kitchen table," responded Will in rather an injured tone; "and as they were the only cakes there, I naturally supposed them to be the yeast cakes."

"No wonder you went home across lots," cried Hetty, going off into another peal of laughter in which everybody else joined.

"Well, I thought myself it was kinder queer," said Mrs. Lowry, wiping the tears from her eyes; "but I s'posed of course, you sent 'em for the society, so we ate 'em up."

That night before Hetty slept she had written a brief note to Frank Kennedy. She had a bitter struggle with her pride, before she could make up her mind to take the first step; but the lesson of the last few days had not been altogether lost.

"Dear Frank—I have made a horrid blunder, and I am ashamed of myself. If you feel that you can forgive my abominable treatment of you, come to see me and I will explain."

She was sitting under a tree in the orchard idly rolling one or two half ripe apples about on the grass. She had watched and waited all day for Frank; and now as evening was drawing on and he had not come, she was beginning to think he was too deeply offended to seek her again. A shadow passed between her and the setting sun, and he stood before her.

"Well, he demanded, gravely regarding her. He loved Hetty Morris better than his own life, but he felt that she had injured him solely through caprice, and he felt that he could not lower his dignity even to regain her precious favor.

"I want to ask your forgiveness, Frank," said Hetty, speaking very fast lest her resolution should fail. "I have treated you badly, but it was all a ridiculous misunderstanding."

"Of course you are forgiven before you asked," he said, still gravely, and without offering sit down. The narrator discredits this magnanimous statement; but the young man said it nevertheless.

"And now," he resumed, "I suppose I may ask for the promised explanation."

"It is too preposterous," cried Hetty, breaking into irrepressible laughter. "The truth is, I lost my doughnuts, and I thought you had taken them just for a joke."

"But I did take some you know," he said, looking puzzled.

"I know you took two," answered Hetty, bursting out again, "but I lost at least a bushel."

Frank Kennedy had come to this interview with a determination to be dignified, and if necessary, stern; but as the sun sank beneath the horizon, a belated swallow hurrying home to his family might have heard this remark—

"Whatever else we have at the wedding supper, be sure and have a batch of doughnuts."

"You may depend upon me for that," replied Miss Hetty, smartly, "for I shall depend on that argument to bring Uncle Baxter round."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE MAN WHO "SITS AWHILE."

Some 'nuisances are not indictable—more's the pity. You can arrest a man for libel and pay costs too if you choose, but you cannot imprison him for boring you.

It is a crime for a man to steal your pocketbook even if it is trash; but he may steal out of your working day three or four hours, worth perhaps ten dollars in money and double that in discipline, with perfect impunity. It is called murder for one man to destroy another man's life, but when Mr. S. drops in and kills the choicest hours of your day, throttles your best ideas and throws your whole train of thought off the track, there is nothing to be said, save that he "thought he'd just run in for a moment and sit awhile and have a friendly chat. No penalty in law, no fine, no imprisonment, no gallows. Such laws, or rather the lack of them, reflect upon the so-called advanced civilization of century No. 19.

I have heard editors utter bitter complaints against this class of offenders. They seem to regard a man who comes in, to chat with them for an hour, very much the same as they do one who does not pay his bills. There is apparently no hope for either of them, and it is very hard for any man, and especially hard for an editor, to spend time and energy upon a hopeless case. His usual course is to send the "devil" after a man who does not pay up, and he has a sincere desire no less real because not formulated, to pursue a similar course with the man who comes in to sit awhile. But editors are not the only victims of these vile and unmitigated interruptors of legitimate effort. They are a curse to all professional men. The man who works with his hands is usually not the master of his time. He always has a real and admitted excuse for continuing labor. His work is seen to suffer, to be retarded by interruption. Then, too, when labor is merely mechanical, there is opportunity for brain work also, and conversation may readily accompany the manual labor. Not so with men who work with their brains. Often when apparently most idle, they are putting in their biggest licks. What seems to be the mere idle watching of the curling smoke which issued from their lips, is really the solving of social problems, the diagnosis of a disease, the analysis of a compound, the arrangement of a discourse. Hour after hour may pass with no visible work and no visible results, but the work is there and the result is there. Now these processes, unlike those that are merely mechanical, cannot be carried on simultaneously with others, that require continued mental exertion. Some men after years of severe discipline may have acquired the faculty of thinking several things at once, turning out their mental products by the dozen or great gross instead of singly. Napoleon could give his attention to two or three processes at once. But most men are not Napoleons and very few are capable of thinking more than one thought at a time, and with the majority of us the interruption of thought is the removal of it for the time, if not its absolute destruction. It is in view of these facts that we make our outcry against men who seem to have no other business than to go round and sit upon their friends, after the similitude of a peripatetic coroner's inquest; who really have no ostensible occupation but to "drop in" on busy men and "just have a chat."

It would seem, further, that some professional men can escape these inflictions of friendly burdens with greater readiness than others. Physicians are forced very often by the absolute necessities of the case to cut the inquest short. Their patients demand their presence—it may

be a matter of life and death. So editors must get their copy ready for the press—they cannot be interrupted—and as privileged characters, can hang up all sorts of ominously warning notices in their sanctums, and can give any kind of suggestive hints to their visitors; and if words fail can resort to revolvers and horsewhips to clear the boards. But the professional man who is not bound by inexorable necessity—who cannot positively say that the loss or delay of an hour will make a great deal of disturbance, or an entire failure in his work, becomes the victim, pliable and abject, of these thought and time leeches. They think that because a professor is so much in his study, or a minister spends hour after hour among his books and papers that he is forsaken legitimate prey; that his time amounts to but little, and that there is no harm in boring him for an hour or two or three.

Now in the name of common law and decency, we protest! In the name of the scores of hours that have gone into eternity undeveloped, we protest. In the name of our thoughts lost, of our indignation excited, of our opportunities missed, we protest; and if protesting won't do any good, we propose to lock the doors hereafter; that is, provided we can get our visitors on the outside.

In our opinion there ought to be an insane asylum for idlers. They are parasites, living by destroying the life of others. They cannot be persuaded of their own condition. Hints slide off them like bullets from an iron clad or water from a duck's back; threats are considered simply as earnest remarks; nothing but the toe of your boot can convince them of the estimation in which you do hold them; and if you should undertake to kick them out, they couldn't really appreciate what you meant by it. They would suppose you were only in fun. There ought to be a commission of intelligent professional men to decide upon the mental condition of bores, and to estimate the exact amount of trouble they give to the world, and then they should be punished accordingly.

I know one man who ought to be imprisoned at hard labor for the rest of his natural life, and then he ought to be hanged. He injures me about \$20 a week. He is terribly good natured; hopes I am not busy; says I look just as though I wanted somebody to talk with; has just dropped in for a few minutes; was just waiting to see some men, and thought he might as well step in and see me, and so on, *ad nauseam*. He stays *ad infinitum*. There is no end to him. I wish there had been no beginning too. He is a longer bore than the Hoosac Tunnel. When he knows I am very busy, and when I take especial pains to allude to this article I am finishing, and that subject I am working up, he takes especial pains not to hurry away. And he never says anything, although he is always talking. When he has gone, I feel just as I suppose a hen does that has been persistently picking at a heap of meal only to find her crop filled with sawdust. He is the terror of my life; for I can't keep him out of my study, and can't do anything while he is in.

Will not somebody tell a poor imposed upon fellow what to do? Quick! for here he comes now—I know his step—his hand is on the latch! There! I am in for three hours more of insanity. I ought to be canonized after my decease for being forced to submit to such an eternal bore.

A Montana vigilance committee caught a very obnoxious character, set him on his mule and told him he had precisely fifteen minutes to leave the country in. He replied: "Gents, if this mule don't balk, *we'll* answer."

Doctor," said a conceited literary top to Holmes on the streets of Boston—"I am going to deliver my lecture in Lowell to-night." "I am glad of it; I dislike those Lowell people," responded the Doctor.

Colonel Forney of the Philadelphia Press, showed very forcibly the growing strength of journalism in the United States when, on being offered the mayoralty of that city, he replied—"I have a better office in my newspaper than any of the politicians or the people could give me."

The Siamese twins are dead. Chang died first, and Eng followed him in about two hours.

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